

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own !
You whose mail'd hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England,
Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There 's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

537.

Margaritae Sorori

ALATE lark twitters from the quiet skies
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

EDMUND GOSSE

b. 1849

538. *Lying in the Grass*

BETWEEN two golden tufts of summer grass
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie :
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead !

EDMUND GOSSE

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,—
A fourth is mowing, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech-wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes ;
Her cheeks are redder than the wild blush-rose :
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there.
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay ;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

EDMUND GOSSE

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad !

I long to go and play among them there ;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children ! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies ;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashion'd in old days,
And colour'd like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portray'd,
Through ancient forests wandering undismay'd,
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight,
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight ;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what sacred love,
Comes drifting down upon us from above,
In watching how their limbs and features move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

EDMUND GOSSE

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth ;

For I should pass ; but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,
And why should men be sad through loss of me ?

The light is flying ; in the silver-blue
The young moon shines from her bright window through :
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

539. *The Charcoal-Burner*

HE lives within the hollow wood,
From one clear dell he seldom ranges ;
His daily toil in solitude
Revolves, but never changes.

A still old man, with grizzled beard,
Grey eye, bent shape, and smoke-tann'd features,
His quiet footstep is not fear'd
By shyest woodland creatures.

I love to watch the pale blue spire
His scented labour builds above it ;
I track the woodland by his fire,
And, seen afar, I love it.

It seems among the serious trees
The emblem of a living pleasure,
It animates the silences
As with a tuneful measure.

EDMUND GOSSE

And dream not that such humdrum ways
Fold naught of nature's charm around him ;
The mystery of soundless days
Hath sought for him and found him.

He hides within his simple brain
An instinct innocent and holy,
The music of a wood-bird's strain,—
Not blithe, nor melancholy,

But hung upon the calm content
Of wholesome leaf and bough and blossom—
An unecstatic ravishment
Born in a rustic bosom.

He knows the moods of forest things,
He feels, in his own speechless fashion,
For helpless forms of fur and wings
A mild paternal passion.

Within his horny hand he holds
The warm brood of the ruddy squirrel ;
Their bushy mother storms and scolds,
But knows no sense of peril.

The dormouse shares his crumb of cheese,
His homeward trudge the rabbits follow ;
He finds, in angles of the trees,
The cup-nest of the swallow.

And through this sympathy, perchance,
The beating heart of life he reaches
Far more than we who idly dance
An hour beneath the beeches.

EDMUND GOSSE

Our science and our empty pride,
Our busy dream of introspection,
To God seem vain and poor beside
This dumb, sincere reflection.

Yet he will die unsought, unknown,
A nameless head-stone stand above him,
And the vast woodland, vague and lone,
Be all that's left to love him.

540.

Revelation

UNTO the silver night
She brought with her pale hand
The topaz lanthorn-light,
And darted splendour o'er the land ;
Around her in a band,
Ringstraked and pied, the great soft moths came flying,
And flapping with their mad wings, fann'd
The flickering flame, ascending, falling, dying.

Behind the thorny pink
Close wall of blossom'd may,
I gazed thro' one green chink
And saw no more than thousands may,—
Saw sweetness, tender and gay,—
Saw full rose lips as rounded as the cherry,
Saw braided locks more dark than bay,
And flashing eyes decorous, pure, and merry.

EDMUND GOSSE

With food for furry friends
She pass'd, her lamp and she,
Till eaves and gable-ends
Hid all that saffron sheen from me :
Around my rosy tree
Once more the silver-starry night was shining,
With depths of heaven, dewy and free,
And crystals of a carven moon declining.

Alas ! for him who dwells
In frigid air of thought,
When warmer light dispels
The frozen calm his spirit sought ;
By life too lately taught
He sees the ecstatic Human from him stealing ;
Reels from the joy experience brought,
And dares not clutch what Love was half revealing.

541. *Epithalamium*

HIGH in the organ-loft with liliated hair,
Love plied the pedals with his snowy foot,
Pouring forth music like the scent of fruit,
And stirring all the incense-laden air ;
We knelt before the altar's gold rail, where
The priest stood robed, with chalice and palm-shoot,
With music-men who bore citole and lute
Behind us, and the attendant virgins fair.

And so our red aurora flash'd to gold,
Our dawn to sudden sun ; and all the while
The high-voiced children trebled clear and cold,
The censer-boys went swinging down the aisle,
And far above, with fingers strong and sure,
Love closed our lives' triumphant overture.

542. *The Rose and the Wind*

DAWN

The Rose.

WHEN, think you, comes the Wind,
The Wind that kisses me and is so kind ?
Lo, how the Lily sleeps ! her sleep is light ;
Would I were like the Lily, pale and white !
Will the Wind come ?

The Beech.

Perchance for you too soon.

The Rose.

If not, how could I live until the noon ?
What, think you, Beech-tree, makes the Wind delay ?
Why comes he not at breaking of the day ?

The Beech.

Hush, child, and, like the Lily, go to sleep.

The Rose.

You know I cannot.

The Beech.

Nay, then, do not weep.

(After a pause.)

Your lover comes : be happy now, O Rose !
He softly through my bending branches goes.
Soon he shall come, and you shall feel his kiss.

The Rose.

Already my flush'd heart grows faint with bliss ;
Love, I have long'd for you through all the night.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

The Wind.

And I to kiss your petals warm and bright.

The Rose.

Laugh round me, Love, and kiss me ; it is well.
Nay, have no fear, the Lily will not tell.

MORNING

The Rose.

'Twas dawn when first you came ; and now the sun
Shines brightly and the dews of dawn are done.
'Tis well you take me so in your embrace ;
But lay me back again into my place,
For I am worn, perhaps with bliss extreme.

The Wind.

Nay, you must wake, Love, from this childish dream.

The Rose.

'Tis you, Love, who seem changed ; your laugh is loud,
And 'neath your stormy kiss my head is bow'd.
O Love, O Wind, a space will you not spare ?

The Wind.

Not while your petals are so soft and fair.

The Rose.

My buds are blind with leaves, they cannot see,—
O Love, O Wind, will you not pity me ?

EVENING

The Beech.

O Wind, a word with you before you pass ;
What did you to the Rose that on the grass
Broken she lies and pale, who loved you so ?

The Wind.

Roses must live and love, and winds must blow.

543. *The Old Churchyard at Bonchurch*

THE churchyard leans to the sea with its dead,—
 It leans to the sea with its dead so long.
 Do they hear, I wonder, the first bird's song,
 When the winter's anger is all but fled;
 The high, sweet voice of the west wind,
 The fall of the warm, soft rain,
 When the second month of the year
 Puts heart in the earth again?

Do they hear, through the glad April weather,
 The green grasses waving above them?
 Do they think there are none left to love them,
 They have lain for so long there, together?
 Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
 The cry of gulls on the wing,
 The laughter of winds and waters,
 The feet of the dancing Spring?

Do they feel the old land slipping seaward,—
 The old land, with its hills and its graves,—
 As they gradually slide to the waves,
 With the wind blowing past them to leeward?
 Do they know of the change that awaits them,—
 The sepulchre vast and strange?
 Do they long for the days to go over,
 And bring that miraculous change?

Or love they their night with no moonlight,
 With no starlight, no dawn to its gloom?
 Do they sigh: 'Neath the snow, or the bloom
 Of the wild things that wave from our night,

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

We are warm, through winter and summer
We hear the winds rave, and we say,—
“ The storm-wind blows over our heads,
But we, here, are out of its way ” ’ ?

Do they mumble low, one to another,
With a sense that the waters that thunder
Shall ingather them all, draw them under,—
‘ Ah, how long to our moving, my brother ?
How long shall we quietly rest here,
In graves of darkness and ease ?
The waves, even now, may be on us,
To draw us down under the seas ! ’

Do they think ’twill be cold when the waters
That they love not, that neither can love them ?
Shall eternally thunder above them ?
Have they dread of the sea’s shining daughters,
That people the bright sea-regions
And play with the young sea-kings ?
Have they dread of their cold embraces,
And dread of all strange sea-things ?

But their dread or their joy,—it is bootless :
They shall pass from the breast of their mother,
They shall lie low, dead brother by brother,
In a place that is radiant and fruitless :
And the folk that sail over their heads
In violent weather
Shall come down to them, haply, and all
They shall lie there, together.

544.

Romance

I WILL make you brooches and toys for your delight
 Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
 I will make a palace fit for you and me,
 Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
 Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
 And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
 In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
 The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
 That only I remember, that only you admire,
 Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

545.

Alcaics: to H. F. B.

BRAVE lads in olden musical centuries
 Sang, night by night, adorable choruses,
 Sat late by alehouse doors in April
 Chaunting in joy as the moon was rising.

Moon-seen and merry, under the trellises,
 Flush-faced they play'd with old polysyllables
 Spring scents inspired, old wine diluted:
 Love and Apollo were there to chorus.

Now these, the songs, remain to eternity,
 Those, only those, the bountiful choristers
 Gone—those are gone, those unremember'd
 Sleep and are silent in earth for ever.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

So man himself appears and evanishes,
So smiles and goes ; as wanderers halting at
Some green-embower'd house, play their music,
Play and are gone on the windy highway.

Yet dwells the strain enshrined in the memory
Long after they departed eternally,
Forth-faring tow'rd far mountain summits,
Cities of men or the sounding Ocean.

Youth sang the song in years immemorial :
Brave chanticleer, he sang and was beautiful ;
Bird-haunted green tree-tops in springtime
Heard, and were pleased by the voice of singing.

Youth goes and leaves behind him a prodigy—
Songs sent by thee afar from Venetian
Sea-grey lagunes, sea-paven highways,
Dear to me here in my Alpine exile.

546. *In the Highlands*

I N the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes ;
Where essential silence chills and blesses,
And for ever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies—

O to mount again where erst I haunted ;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward ;

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarr'd !

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath !
Lo ! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes ;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

547. *Christmas at Sea*

THE sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked
hand ;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could
stand,
The wind was a nor'-wester, blowing squally off the sea ;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day ;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tack'd and tack'd between the South Head
and the North ;
All day we haul'd the frozen sheets, and got no further
forth ;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tack'd from head to head.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race
 roar'd ;
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close
 aboard ;
So 's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running
 high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against
 his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam ;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'longshore
 home ;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volley'd
 out ;
And I vow we sniff'd the victuals as the vessel went about.
The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial
 cheer ;
For it 's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the
 year)
This day of our adversity was blessèd Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where
 I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair ;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves
Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the
 shelves !

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went
 to sea ;
And O the wicked fool I seem'd, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessèd Christmas
 Day.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
'All hands to loose topgallant sails!' I heard the captain
call.
'By the Lord, she'll never stand it,' our first mate Jackson
cried.
. . . 'It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson,' he
replied.

She stagger'd to her bearings, but the sails were new and
good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she
understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We clear'd the weary headland, and pass'd below the
light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board
but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were
growing old.

548.

Wishes

GO, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.

549.

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie :
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he long'd to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

BERTRAM DOBELL

b. 1842

550.

Microcosm

HIS home a speck in a vast Universe,
He a mere atom on that tiny speck,
Victim of countless evils that coerce
And force him onward on a pathless track :
And yet a being made to dominate
O'er all things else by mind's controlling power :
Spoilt favourite at once and sport of fate,
Football of fortune, time's consummate flower !

To him alone did Nature's self impart
A spark of her divinest energy,
With power to create a world of Art,
And intellect to solve all mystery :
So great and yet so little ! blest and curst—
Nature's most noble offspring—yet her worst !

551. *The Old Parish Church, Whitby*

WE climb'd the steep where headless Edwin lies—
 The king who struck for Christ, and striking fell ;
 Beyond the harbour, toll'd the beacon bell ;
 Saint Mary's peal sent down her glad replies ;
 So entered we the Church : white galleries,
 Cross-stanchions, frequent stairs, dissembled well
 A ship's mid-hold,—we almost felt the swell
 Beneath, and caught o'erhead the sailors' cries.

But as we heard the congregational sound,
 And reasonable voice of common prayer
 And common praise, new wind was in our sails—
 Heart called to heart, beyond the horizon's bound
 With Christ we steer'd, through angel-haunted air,
 A ship that meets all storms, rides out all gales.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK

b. 1850

552. *A Conquest*

I FOUND him openly wearing her token ;
 I knew that her troth could never be broken ;
 I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword,
 He did the same, and he spoke no word ;
 He faced me with his villainy ;
 He laugh'd, and said, ' She gave it me.'
 We search'd for seconds, they soon were found ;
 They measured our swords ; they measured the ground :
 They held to the deadly work too fast ;
 They thought to gain our place at last.
 We fought in the sheen of a wintry wood,
 The fair white snow was red with his blood ;
 But his was the victory, for, as he died,
 He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

553.

Song

THERE 's one great bunch of stars in heaven
 That shines so sturdily,
 Where good Saint Peter's sinewy hand
 Holds up the dull gold-wroughten key.

There 's eke a little twinkling gem
 As green as beryl-blue can be,
 The lowest bead the Blessèd Virgin
 Shakes a-telling her rosary.

There 's one that flashes flames and fire,
 No doubt the mighty rubicel
 That sparkles from the centre point
 I' the buckler of stout Raphael.

And also there 's a little star—
 So white, a virgin's it must be ;—
 Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven
 Hangs out to light the way for me.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

b. 1852

554.

A Violinist

THE lark above our heads doth know
 A heaven we see not here below ;
 She sees it, and for joy she sings ;
 Then falls with ineffectual wings.

Ah, soaring soul ! faint not nor tire !
 Each heaven attain'd reveals a higher.
 Thy thought is of thy failure ; we
 List raptured, and thank God for thee.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

555. *The Night has a Thousand Eyes*

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one ;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one ;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS BURDETT MONEY-COUTTS

556.

The Dream

b. 1852

HAIL, bright morning beam !
Now my task retaking,
I indite the dream
God for me is making.

We may draw our theme,
Management, and measure
Out of Earth ; the dream
Comes of God's good pleasure.

557.

From 'A Little Sequence'

i

NO wonder you so oft have wept ;
For I was born unblest :
Yet wounded creature never crept
To you but found a rest ;

FRANCIS BURDETT MONEY-COUTTS

To you the patient hound's mild eyes
Are turn'd in perfect trust,
And into yours, with sure surmise,
The baby's hand is thrust ;

The little birds make you their friend,
The flowers in your sweet hand
Arrange themselves, and graceful bend,
As if they understand.

And when these die,—the household pet,—
The babe (though not your own),—
Yes, or the very flowers,—you fret
To fly where they have flown.

ii

FORGIVE !
And tell me that sweet tale,
How you and I one day may live
In some diviner vale.

In some diviner vale, dear child,
Than this in which we lie
And watch the monstrous mountains piled
And clouded into sky.

Yet even there, far out of reach
Are peaks we cannot scale,
For God has something still to teach
In that diviner vale.

558. *Any Father to Any Son*

FOR thee a crown of thorns I wear,
 And thought imperative constrains
 My labouring heart for thee to bear
 The travail of a woman's pains ;

For with intolerable presage
 Of all the amazements of thy life,
 The pits of ancient woe I gauge,
 The vast impediments of strife ;

Or else in dreadful dreaming cast,
 I see thy form before me fly,
 By prescience never overpast
 Nor fleetest foot that love can ply.

Still as thy shadow must I run,
 When all the shadows fall behind,
 And in the rich seductive sun
 Thou to the darker bars art blind.

559. *Empires*

HOW dare we deem that in this age
 The end of all the ages lurks ?
 That God is printing the last page
 Of the last volume of his Works ?

Have we not canted of the mills
 Of God, how very slow they grind ?
 Why should we fancy on our hills
 Their sails are sped by earthly wind ?

FRANCIS BURDETT MONEY-COUTTS

Persia and Egypt, Greece and Rome,
And vaster dynasties before,
Now faded in Time's monochrome,
In what do we surpass their lore ?

Some things they knew that we know not ;
Some things we know by them unknown ;
But the axles of their wheels were hot
With the same frenzies as our own.

560. *Mors, Morituri Te Salutamus*

I HATE thee, Death !
Not that I fear thee,—more than mortal sprite
Fears the dark entrance, whence no man returns ;
For who would not resign his scanty breath,
Unreal joy, and troublesome delight,
To marble coffer or sepulchral urn's
Inviolate keeping ?
To quench the smouldering lamp, that feebly burns
Within this chamber, to procure sweet sleeping,
Is not a madman's act. And yet I hate thee,
Swift breaker of life's poor illusion,
Stern ender of love's fond confusion,
And with rebellion in my heart await thee.

Like mariners we sail, of fate unwist,
With orders seal'd and only to be read
When home has faded in the morning mist
And simple faith and innocence are fled !

Oft we neglect them, being much dismay'd
By phantoms and weird wonders
That haunt the deep,
By voices, winds, and thunders,

Old mariners that cannot pray nor weep,
 And faces of drown'd souls that cannot sleep !
 Or else our crew is mutinous, array'd
 Against us, and the mandate is delay'd.

But when the forces that rebell'd
 Are satisfied or quell'd ;
 When sails are trimm'd to catch the merry wind,
 And billows dance before and foam behind ;
 Free, free at last from tumult and distraction
 Of pleasure beckon'd and of pain repell'd,—
 Free from ourselves and disciplined for action,—
 We break the seal of destiny, to find
 The bourne or venture for our cruise design'd,
 Then, at that very moment, hark ! a cry
 On deck ; and then a silence, as of breath
 Held. In the offing, low against the sky,
 Hoves thy black flag ! . . . Therefore I hate thee, Death !

561.

Two Epitaphs

i. On a Fair Woman

IN this green chest is laid away
 The fairest frock she ever wore ;
 It clothed her both by night and day,
 And none shall wear it evermore.

ii. On a Wife

ONCE I learnt in wilful hour
 How to vex him ; still I keep,
 Now unwilfully, my power :
 Every day he comes to weep.

THOMAS HERBERT WARREN
PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE

b. 1853

562. *May-day on Magdalen Tower*

WRITTEN FOR MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE

MORN of the year, of day and May the prime!
How fitly do we scale the steep dark stair!
Into the brightness of the matin air,
To praise with chanted hymn and echoing chime,
Dear Lord of Light, Thy lowlihead sublime
That stoop'd erewhile our life's frail weed to wear!
Sun, cloud, and hill, all things Thou framest so fair,
With us are glad and gay, greeting the time.
The college of the lily leaves her sleep;
The grey tower rocks and trembles into sound,
Dawn-smitten Memnon of a happier hour;
Through faint-hued fields the silver waters creep;
Day grows, birds pipe, and robed anew and crown'd,
Green Spring trips forth to set the world aflower.

563. *Lines for a Sundial*

Meditatur Homo.

DAWNE TO DARKE
GRADE BY GRADE
SHADOWES MARKE.

Monet Solarium.

SHADOWE HARKE
WHAT YS SAYDE!

Monitio.

THYNGES DIVRNALLE
BIN A SHADE
OF ETERNALLE.

ANNIE MATHESON

564. *A Song of Handicrafts*

The Weaver

SUNLIGHT from the sky's own heart,
Flax unfolded to receive :
Out of sky and flax and art,
Lovely raiment I achieve—
Earth a part and heaven a part,
God in all, for Whom I weave !

The Carpenter

Deep into the wood I hew,
A message fell from the sun's lip ;
Fire and strength it downward drew
For the faggot and the ship :
God's own, in the forest, grew
Timber that I hew and chip.

The Mason

Out of clay or living rock
I will make my brick or stone :
At the door of God I knock,
Builder whose command I own,
Who can birth and death unlock,
And in dust can find a throne.

ANNIE MATHESON

Chorus

Mighty Craftsman ! craftsmen, we,
Feel Thy spirit in our hands :
All the worlds are full of Thee—
Wake our eyes and break our bands—
Servants, and for ever free,
Sons, and heirs of all thy lands !

565. *Love's Cosmopolitan*

(A SONNET DEDICATED TO LONDON'S CATHEDRAL OF
SAINT PAUL THE TENTMAKER)

APOSTLE, citizen, and artisan !
About thy vast cathedral, through the street
Is hurrying tramp of multitudinous feet ;
But far within, for many a homeless man
Thy shrine is home, where, for a passing span,
Cool silence stills the heart's tumultuous beat :
Before the altar he may rest and eat
Who has not broken bread since day began.

Thou who didst glory in the uplifted cross
Whereby ascended Love, self-sacrificed,
Draws all men near, and heart to heart a few,
Thou who didst count the world for love but loss,
Hail, chosen servant of the risen Christ,
Ambassador of God, great-hearted Jew !

WILLIAM JAMES DAWSON

b. 1854

566.

Deliverance

IN that sore hour around thy bed there stood
 A silent guard of shadows, each equipp'd
 With dart or arrow aim'd against thy life.
 Thy breath came slowly all that awful night ;
 Outside I heard the wind and earth at strife,
 And on the window's ledge incessant dripp'd
 The pitiless rain. At last I left thy room,
 And passing out, upon its threshold's edge
 Who should I meet but Death ! A wan clear light
 Fell from his fathomless eyes, his brow was gloom,
 His rustling raiment seem'd to sigh like sedge
 When the salt marsh-winds wail and beat thereon.
 He paused, he turn'd ; and while I stood and wept,
 Behold a crimson signal waved and shone
 On the door's lintel, even such an one
 As he obey'd in Egypt, and I knew
 Death heard some higher summons, and withdrew :
 When I return'd, like a tired child you slept.

OLIVER MADOX BROWN

1855-1874

567.

Laura's Song

ALAS ! who knows or cares, my love,
 If our love live or die,—
 If thou thy frailty, sweet, should prove,
 Or my soul thine deny ?
 Yet, merging sorrow in delight,
 Love's dream disputes our devious night.

OLIVER MADOX BROWN

None know, sweet love, nor care a thought
For our heart's vague desire,
Nor if our longing come to nought,
Or burn in aimless fire ;
Let them alone, we'll waste no sighs :
Cling closer, love, and close thine eyes !

FANNY PARNELL

1855-1883

568.

After Death

SHALL mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country ?
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory ?
Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-
blaze break at last upon thy story ?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle, as
a new sweet sister hail thee,
Shall these lips be seal'd in callous death and silence, that
have known but to bewail thee ?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises, when
all men their tribute bring thee ?
Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor,
when all poets' mouths shall sing thee ?

Ah ! the harpings and the salvoes and the shouting of
thy exiled sons returning !
I should hear tho' dead and moulder'd, and the grave-
damps should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah ! the tramp of feet victorious ! I should hear them
'mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart would toss within the shroud and quiver
as a captive dreamer tosses.

FANNY PARNELL

I should turn and rend the cere-clothes round me, giant
sinews I should borrow—
Crying, 'O my brothers, I have also loved her in her
loneliness and sorrow !

' Let me join with you the jubilant procession ; let me
chant with you her story ;
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks, now
mine eyes have seen her glory !'

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

1855-1891

Echoes from Theocritus

569. *i. A Summer Day in Old Sicily*

GODS, what a sun ! I think the world 's aglow.
This garment irks me. Phoebus, it is hot !
'Twere sad if Glycera should find me shot
By flame-tipp'd arrows from the Archer's bow.
Perchance he envies me,—the villain ! O
For one tree's shadow or a cliff-side grot !
Where shall I shelter that he slay me not ?
In what cool air or element ?—I know.

The sea shall save me from the sweltering land :
Far out I'll wade, till creeping up and up,
The cold green water quenches every limb.
Then to the jealous god with lifted hand
I'll pour libation from a rosy cup,
And leap, and dive, and see the tunnies swim.

570.

ii. Ageanax

DEAR voyager, a lucky star be thine,
 To Mytilenè sailing over sea,
 Or foul or fair the constellations shine,
 Or east or west the wind-blown billows flee.
 May halcyon-birds that hover o'er the brine
 Diffuse abroad their own tranquillity,
 Till ocean stretches stilly as the wine
 In this deep cup which now we drain to thee.

From lip to lip the merry circle through
 We pass the tankard and repeat thy name ;
 And having pledged thee once, we pledge anew,
 Lest in thy friends' neglect thou suffer shame.
 God-speed to ship, good health to pious crew,
 Peace by the way, and port of noble fame !

571. *iii. The Flute of Daphnis*

I AM the flute of Daphnis. On this wall
 He nail'd his tribute to the great god Pan,
 What time he grew from boyhood, shapely, tall,
 And felt the first deep ardours of a man.
 Through adult veins more swift the song-tide ran,—
 A vernal stream whose swollen torrents call
 For instant ease in utterance. Then began
 That course of triumph reverenced by all.

Him the gods loved, and more than other men
 Blessed with the flower of beauty, and endow'd
 His soul of music with the strength of ten.
 Now on a festal day I see the crowd
 Look fondly at my resting-place, and when
 I think whose lips have press'd me, I am proud.

572. *iv. The Epitaph of Eusthenes*

A BARD is buried here, not strong, but sweet ;
 A Teacher too, not great, but gently wise ;
 This modest stone (the burghers thought it meet)
 May tell the world where so much virtue lies.
 His happy skill it was in mart and street
 To scan men's faces with a true surmise,
 Follow the spirit to its inmost seat,
 And read the soul reflected in the eyes.
 No part had he in catholic renown,
 Which none but god-inspired poets share ;
 Not his to trail the philosophic gown,
 That only sages of the School may wear ;
 But his at least to fill an alien town
 With friends, who make his tomb their loving care.

573. *A Cricket Bowler*

TWO minutes' rest till the next man goes in !
 The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
 On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
 And elbows apt to make the leather spin
 Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin,—
 In knavish hands a most unkindly knack ;
 But no guile shelters under this boy's black
 Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.
 Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
 The new man plants his weapon with profound
 Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
 Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game :
 The flung ball takes one madding tortuous bound,
 And the mid-stump three somersaults in air.

574. *On a Spring-board*

THE light falls gently from the dormer-panes,
 And sleeps upon the water sleeping too,—
 Such water as the fond Boeotian knew
 When in the liquid fount he view'd the stains
 Of his own love-looks. What sweet idlesse reigns
 From gleam to gleam, and makes the soul in view
 Of long'd-for bliss a longer path pursue,
 And still be hoping while she still refrains?

Now see me work a deed exceeding rash!
 There sinks my pocket-wealth of hoarded cash
 Through the green floor. So did the Samian king,
 Blest overmuch, engulf the fateful ring;
 But here are no fat fish to bolt and bring
 My treasure back from limbo, therefore—splash!

OSCAR WILDE

1856-1900

575.

Requiescat

TREAD lightly, she is near
 Under the snow,
 Speak gently, she can hear
 The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
 Tarnished with rust,
 She that was young and fair
 Fallen to dust.

757

Lily-like

OSCAR WILDE

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
SHE is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life 's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

WILLIAM SHARP

1856-1902

576. *On a Nightingale in April*

THE yellow moon is a dancing phantom
Down secret ways of the flowing shade ;
And the waveless stream has a murmuring whisper
Where the alders wade.

Not a breath, not a sigh, save the slow stream's whisper :
Only the moon is a dancing blade
That leads a host of the Crescent warriors
To a phantom raid.

Out of the lands of Faerie a summons,
A long strange cry that thrills thro' the glade :—
The grey-green glooms of the elm are stirring,
Newly afraid.

WILLIAM SHARP

Last heard, white music, under the olives
Where once Theocritus sang and play'd—
Thy Thracian song is the old new wonder—
O moon-white maid!

577. *Shule, Agrab!*

HIS face was glad as dawn to me,
His breath was sweet as dusk to me,
His eyes were burning flames to me,
Shule, shule, shule, agrab!

The broad noon-day was night to me,
The full-moon night was dark to me,
The stars whirl'd and the poles span
The hour that God took him far from me.

Perhaps he dreams in heaven now,
Perhaps he doth in worship bow,
A white flame round his foam-white brow,
Shule, shule, shule, agrab!

I laugh to think of him like this,
Who once found all his joy and bliss
Against my heart, against my kiss,
Shule, shule, shule, agrab!

Star of my joy, art still the same
Now thou hast gotten a new name?
Pulse of my heart, my Blood, my Flame,
Shule, shule, shule, agrab!

578. *Under the Wattle*

‘ **W**HY should not Wattle do
For Mistletoe ? ’

Ask’d one—they were but two—
Where wattles grow.

He was her lover, too,
Who urged her so—

‘ Why should not Wattle do
For Mistletoe ? ’

A rose-cheek rosier grew ;
Rose-lips breathed low—

‘ Since it is here—and You—
I hardly know
Why Wattle should not do.’

MARGARET L. WOODS

b. 1856

579. *March Thoughts from England*

O THAT I were lying under the olives,
Lying alone among the anemones !
Shell-colour’d blossoms they bloom there and scarlet,
Far under stretches of silver woodland,
Flame in the delicate shade of the olives.

O that I were lying under the olives !
Grey grows the thyme on the shadowless headland,
The long low headland, where white in the sunshine
The rocks run seaward. It seems suspended
Lone in an infinite gulf of azure.

MARGARET L. WOODS

There, were I lying under the olives,
Might I behold come following seaward,
Clear brown shapes in a world of sunshine,
A russet shepherd, his sheep too, russet.
Watch them wander the long grey headland
Out to the edge of the burning azure.
O that I were lying under the olives !
So should I see the far-off cities
Glittering low by the purple water,
Gleaming high on the purple mountain ;
See where the road goes winding southward.
It passes the valleys of almond blossom,
Curves round the crag o'er the steep-hanging orchards,
Where almond and peach are aflush 'mid the olives—
Hardly the amethyst sea shines through them—
Over it cypress on solemn cypress
Lead to the lonely pilgrimage places.

O that I were dreaming under the olives
Hearing alone on the sun-steeped headland
A crystalline wave, almost inaudible,
Steal round the shore ; and thin, far off,
The shepherd's music ! So did it sound
In fields Sicilian : Theocritus heard it,
Moschus and Bion piped it at noontide.

O that I were listening under the olives !
So should I hear behind in the woodland
The peasants talking. Either a woman,
A wrinkled grandame, stands in the sunshine,
Stirs the brown soil in an acre of violets—
Large odorous violets—and answers slowly
A child's swift babble ; or else at noon
The labourers come. They rest in the shadow,
Eating their dinner of herbs, and are merry.

MARGARET L. WOODS

Soft speech Provençal under the olives !
Like a queen's raiment from days long perish'd,
Breathing aromas of old unremember'd
Perfumes and shining in dust-cover'd places
With sudden hints of forgotten splendour—
So on the lips of the peasant his language,
His only now, the tongue of the peasant.

Would I were listening under the olives !
So should I see in an airy pageant
A proud chivalrous pomp sweep by me ;
Hear in high courts the joyous ladies
Devising of Love in a world of lovers ;
Hear the song of the Lion-hearted,
A deep-voiced song—and O ! perchance,
Ghostly and strange and sweet to madness,
Rudel sing the Lady of Tripoli.

580.

The Mariners

THE mariners sleep by the sea.
The wild wind comes up from the sea,
It wails round the tower, and it blows through the grasses,
It scatters the sand o'er the graves where it passes
And the sound and the scent of the sea.

The white waves beat up from the shore,
They beat on the church by the shore,
They rush round the grave-stones aslant to the leeward,
And the wall and the mariners' graves lying seaward,
That are bank'd with the stones from the shore.

MARGARET L. WOODS

For the huge sea comes up in the storm,
Like a beast from the lair of the storm,
To claim with its ravenous leap and to mingle
The mariners' bones with the surf and the shingle
That it rolls round the shore in the storm.

There is nothing beyond but the sky,
But the sea and the slow-moving sky,
Where a cloud from the grey lifts the gleam of its edges,
Where the foam flashes white from the shouldering ridges,
As they crowd on the uttermost sky.

The mariners sleep by the sea.
Far away there 's a shrine by the sea ;
The pale women climb up the path to it slowly,
To pray to Our Lady of Storms ere they wholly
Despair of their men from the sea.

The children at play on the sand,
Where once from the shell-broider'd sand
They would watch for the sails coming in from far places,
Are forgetting the ships and forgetting the faces
Lying here, lying hid in the sand.

When at night there 's a seething of surf,
The grandames look out o'er the surf,
They reckon their dead and their long years of sadness,
And they shake their lean fists at the sea and its madness,
And curse the white fangs of the surf.

But the mariners sleep by the sea.
They hear not the sound of the sea,
Nor the hum from the church where the psalm is uplifted,
Nor the crying of birds that above them are drifted.
The mariners sleep by the sea.

581.

Genius Loci

PEACE, Shepherd, peace! What boots it singing on?
 Since long ago grace-giving Phœbus died,
 And all the train that loved the stream-bright side
 Of the poetic mount with him are gone
 Beyond the shores of Styx and Acheron,
 In unexplorèd realms of night to hide.
 The clouds that strew their shadows far and wide
 Are all of Heaven that visits Helicon.

Yet here, where never muse or god did haunt,
 Still may some nameless power of Nature stray,
 Pleased with the reedy stream's continual chant
 And purple pomp of these broad fields in May.
 The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine,
 And careless pass him by whose is the gift divine.

JOHN DAVIDSON

1857-1909

582.

Song

THE boat is chafing at our long delay,
 And we must leave too soon
 The spicy sea-pinks and the inborne spray,
 The tawny sands, the moon.

Keep us, O Thetis, in our western flight!
 Watch from thy pearly throne
 Our vessel, plunging deeper into night
 To reach a land unknown.

Holiday

LITHE and listen, gentlemen :
 Other knight of sword or pen
 Shall not, while the planets shine,
 Spend a holiday like mine.

Fate and I, we play'd at dice :
 Thrice I won and lost the main ;
 Thrice I died the death, and thrice
 By my will I lived again.

First a woman broke my heart
 As a careless woman can,
 Ere the aureoles depart
 From the woman and the man.

Dead of love, I found a tomb
 Anywhere : beneath, above,
 Worms nor stars transpierced the gloom
 Of the sepulchre of love.

Wine-cups were the charnel-lights ;
 Festal songs, the funeral dole ;
 Joyful ladies, gallant knights,
 Comrades of my buried soul.

Tired to death of lying dead
 In a common sepulchre,
 On an Easter morn I sped
 Upward where the world's astir.

JOHN DAVIDSON

Soon I gather'd wealth and friends,
Donn'd the livery of the hour,
And atoning diverse ends
Bridged the gulf to place and power.

All the brilliances of Hell
Crush'd by me, with honey'd breath
Fawn'd upon me till I fell,
By pretenders done to death.

Buried in an outland tract,
Long I rotted in the mould,
Though the virgin woodland lack'd
Nothing of the age of gold.

Roses spiced the dews and damps,
Nightly falling of decay ;
Dawn and sunset lit the lamps
Where entomb'd I deeply lay.

My companions of the grave
Were the flowers, the growing grass ;
Larks intoned a morning stave ;
Nightingales a midnight mass.

But at me, effete and dead,
Did my spirit gibe and scoff :
Then the gravecloth from my head
And my shroud—I shook them off.

Drawing strength and subtle craft
Out of ruin's husk and core,
Through the earth I ran a shaft
Upward to the light once more.

JOHN DAVIDSON

Soon I made me wealth and friends,
Donn'd the livery of the age ;
And atoning many ends,
Reign'd as sovereign, priest, and mage.

But my pomp and towering state,
Puissance and supreme device,
Crumbled on the cast of Fate—
Fate, that plays with loaded dice.

I whose arms had harried Hell
Naked faced a heavenly host :
Carved with countless wounds I fell,
Sadly yielding up the ghost.

In a burning mountain thrown
(Titans such a tomb attain),
Many a grisly age had flown
Ere I rose and lived again.

Parch'd and charr'd I lay ; my cries
Shook and rent the mountain-side ;
Lustres, decades, centuries
Fled while daily there I died.

But my essence and intent
Ripen'd in the smelting fire ;
Flame became my element,
Agony my soul's desire.

Twenty centuries of Pain
Mightier than Love or Art,
Woke the meaning in my brain
And the purpose of my heart.

JOHN DAVIDSON

Straightway then aloft I swam
Through the mountain's sulphurous sty :
Not eternal death could damn
Such a hardy soul as I.

From the mountain's burning crest
Like a god I come again,
And with an immortal zest
Challenge Fate to throw the main.

584. *The Merchantman*

The Markethaunters

NOW, while our money is piping hot
From the mint of our toil that coins the sheaves,
Merchantman, merchantman, what have you got
In your tabernacle hung with leaves ?
What have you got ?
The sun rides high ;
Our money is hot ;
We must buy, buy, buy !

The Merchantman

I come from the elfin king's demesne
With chrysolite, hyacinth, tourmaline ;
I have emeralds here of living green ;
I have rubies, each like a cup of wine ;
And diamonds, diamonds that never have been
Outshone by eyes the most divine !

The Markethaunters

Jewellery ?—Baubles ; bad for the soul ;
Desire of the heart and lust of the eye !

JOHN DAVIDSON

Diamonds, indeed! We wanted coal.
What else do you sell? Come, sound your cry!
Our money is hot;
The night draws nigh;
What have you got
That we want to buy?

The Merchantman

I have here enshrined the soul of the rose
Exhaled in the land of the daystar's birth;
I have casks whose golden staves enclose
Eternal youth, eternal mirth;
And cordials that bring repose,
And the tranquil night, and the end of the earth.

The Markethaunters

Rapture of wine? But it never pays:
We must keep our common-sense alert.
Raisins are healthier, medicine says—
Raisins and almonds for dessert.
But we want to buy;
For our money is hot,
And age draws nigh:
What else have you got?

The Merchantman

I have lamps that gild the lustre of noon;
Shadowy arrows that pierce the brain;
Dulcimers strung with beams of the moon;
Psalteries fashion'd of pleasure and pain;
A song and a sword and a haunting tune
That may never be offer'd the world again.

JOHN DAVIDSON

The Markethaunters

Dulcimers! psalteries! Whom do you mock?
Arrows and songs? We have axes to grind!
Shut up your booth and your mouldering stock,
For we never shall deal.—Come away; let us find
What the others have got!
We must buy, buy, buy;
For our money is hot,
And death draws nigh.

585.

In Romney Marsh

AS I went down to Dymchurch Wall,
I heard the South sing o'er the land;
I saw the yellow sunlight fall
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,
Within the wind a core of sound,
The wire from Romney town to Hythe
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapour flowed
And trail'd its fringe along the Straits;
The upper air like sapphire glow'd;
And roses fill'd Heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagg'd their tops;
The swinging waves peal'd on the shore;
The saffron beach, all diamond drops
And beads of surge, prolong'd the roar.

JOHN DAVIDSON

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
I saw above the Downs' low crest
The crimson brands of sunset fall,
Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank : like flakes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down ;
Shrill blew the wind ; and shrill the wire
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops
Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore ;
The beach, with all its organ stops
Pealing again, prolong'd the roar.

586. *A Runnable Stag*

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green
broom,
And apples began to be golden-skin'd,
We harbour'd a stag in the Priory coomb,
And we feather'd his trail up-wind, up-wind,
We feather'd his trail up-wind—
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap yap,
And 'Forwards' we heard the harbourer shout ;
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out,
From the underwood antler'd out

JOHN DAVIDSON

By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though beam'd and tined
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North ;
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth,
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.
'Tally ho ! tally ho !' and the hunt was up,
The tufters whipp'd and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on,
And the stag of warrant away at last,
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
A stag, a runnable stag.

' Let your gelding be : if you check or chide
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt ;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustom'd to bear the brunt,
Accustom'd to bear the brunt,
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag.'

JOHN DAVIDSON

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead—
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far ;
His antler'd crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,
Of harbourer, hounds and all—
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turn'd at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewell'd bed,
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he open'd his nostrils wide again,
And he toss'd his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,
As he raced down the echoing glen—

JOHN DAVIDSON

For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
That slept at last in a jewell'd bed
Under the sheltering ocean spread,
The stag, the runnable stag.

T. W. ROLLESTON

b. 1857

587. *The Dead at Clonmacnois*

FROM THE IRISH OF ANGUS O'GILLAN

IN a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair ;
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the sons of Cairbrè sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Kieran's plain of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

T. W. ROLLESTON

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
And right many a lord of Breagh ;
Deep the sod above Clan Creidè and Clan Conaill,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter
In the red earth lies at rest ;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

AGNES MARY FRANCES DUCLAUX
(ROBINSON-DARMESTETER)

b. 1857

588. *Le Roi est Mort*

AND shall I weep that Love's no more,
And magnify his reign ?
Sure never mortal man before
Would have his grief again.
Farewell the long-continued ache,
The days a-dream, the nights awake,
I will rejoice and merry make,
And never more complain.

King Love is dead and gone for aye,
Who ruled with might and main,
For with a bitter word one day,
I found my tyrant slain :
And he in Heathenese was bred,
Nor ever was baptized, 'tis said,
Nor is of any creed, and dead
Can never rise again.

589.

Cockayne Country

NEAR where yonder evening star
 Makes a glory in the air,
 Lies a land dream-found and far
 Where it is light alway.

There those lovely ghosts repair
 Who in Sleep's enchantment are,
 In Cockayne dwell all things fair—
 (But it is far away.)

Through the gates—a goodly sight—
 Troops of men and maidens come,
 There shut out from Heaven at night
 Belated angels stray ;
 Down those wide-arch'd groves they roam
 Through a land of great delight,
 Dreaming they are safe at home—
 (But it is far away.)

There the leaves of all the trees
 Written are with a running rhyme,
 There all poets live at peace,
 And lovers are true, they say.
 Earth in that unwinter'd clime
 Like a star incarnate sees
 The glory of her future time.—
 (But it is far away.)

Hard to find as it is far !

Dark nights shroud its brilliance rare,
 Crouching round the cloudy bar
 Under the wings of day.
 But if thither ye will fare,
 Love and Death the pilots are,—
 Might either one convey me there !
 (But it is far away.)

590.

Celia's Home-Coming

MAIDENS, kilt your skirts and go
 Down the stormy garden-ways.
 Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,
 Gather roses, gather bays,
 Since our Celia comes to-day,
 That has been so long away.

Crowd her chamber with your sweets—
 Not a flower but grows for her !
 Make her bed with linen sheets
 That have lain in lavender :
 Light a fire before she come,
 Lest she find us chill at home.

Ah, what joy when Celia stands
 By the leaping blaze at last,
 Stooping low to warm her hands
 All benumbèd with the blast,
 While we hide her cloak away,
 To assure us she shall stay !

Cyder bring and cowslip wine,
 Fruits and flavours from the East,
 Pears and pippins too, and fine
 Saffron loaves to make a feast ;
 China dishes, silver cups,
 For the board where Celia sups !

Then, when all the feasting 's done,
 She shall draw us round the blaze,
 Laugh, and tell us every one
 Of her far triumphant days—
 Celia, out of doors a star,
 By the hearth a holier Lar !

591.

Retrospect

HERE beside my Paris fire, I sit alone and ponder
 All my life of long ago that lies so far asunder ;
 'Here, how came I thence ?' I say, and greater grows
 the wonder
 As I recall the farms and fields and placid hamlets yonder.

. . . See, the meadow-sweet is white against the water-
 courses,
 Marshy lands are kingcup-gay and bright with streams
 and sources,
 Dew-bespangled shines the hill where half-abloom the
 gorse is ;
 And all the northern fallows steam beneath the ploughing
 horses.

There 's the red-brick-chimney'd house, the ivied haunt
 of swallows,
 All its garden up and down and full of hills and hollows ;
 Past the lawn, the sunken fence whose brink the laurel
 follows ;
 And then the knee-deep pasture where the herd for ever
 wallows !

So they've clipp'd the lilac bush : a thousand thousand
 pities !
 'Twas the blue old-fashion'd sort that never grows in
 cities.
 There we little children play'd and chaunted aimless
 ditties,
 While oft th' old grandsire looked at us and smiled his
 Nunc Dimittis !

AGNES MARY FRANCES DUCLAUX

Green, O green with ancient peace, and full of sap and
sunny,
Lusty fields of Warwickshire, O land of milk and honey,
Might I live to pluck again a spike of agrimony,
A silver tormentilla leaf or ladysmock upon ye!

Patience!—for I keep at heart your pure and perfect
seeming,
I can see you wide awake as clearly as in dreaming,
Softer, with an inner light, and dearer, to my deeming,
Than when beside your brooks at noon I watch'd the
sallows gleaming!

MAY PROBYN

592. *'Is it Nothing to You'*

WE were playing on the green together,
My sweetheart and I—
O! so heedless in the gay June weather
When the word went forth that we must die.
O! so merrily the balls of amber
And of ivory toss'd we to the sky,
While the word went forth in the King's chamber
That we both must die.

O! so idly straying thro' the pleasaunce
Pluck'd we here and there
Fruit and bud, while in the royal presence
The King's son was casting from his hair

MAY PROBYN

Glory of the wreathen gold that crown'd it,
And, ungirdling all his garments fair,
Flinging by the jewell'd clasp that bound it,
With his feet made bare.

Down the myrtled stairway of the palace,
Ashes on his head,
Came he, thro' the rose and citron alleys,
In rough sark of sackcloth habited,
And in the hempen halter—O! we jested
Lightly, and we laugh'd as he was led
To the torture, while the bloom we breasted
Where the grapes grew red.

O! so sweet the birds, when he was dying,
Piped to her and me—
Is no room this glad June day for sighing—
He is dead, and she and I go free!
When the sun shall set on all our pleasure
We will mourn him—What, so you decree
We are heartless? Nay, but in what measure
Do you more than we?

593. *Christmas Carol*

LACKING samite and sable,
Lacking silver and gold,
The Prince Jesus in the poor stable
Slept, and was three hours old.

As doves by the fair water,
Mary, not touch'd of sin,
Sat by Him,—the King's daughter,
All glorious within.

MAY PROBYN

A lily without one stain, a
Star where no spot hath room.

*Ave, gratia plena—
Virgo Virginum!*

Clad not in pearl-sewn vesture,
Clad not in cramoisie,
She hath hush'd, she hath cradled to rest, her
God the first time on her knee.

Where is one to adore Him?
The ox hath dumbly confess'd,
With the ass, meek kneeling before Him,
Et homo factus est.

Not throned on ivory or cedar,
Not crown'd with a Queen's crown,
At her breast it is Mary shall feed her
Maker, from Heaven come down.

The trees in Paradise blossom
Sudden, and its bells chime—
She giveth Him, held to her bosom,
Her immaculate milk the first time.

The night with wings of angels
Was alight, and its snow-pack'd ways
Sweet made (say the Evangels)
With the noise of their virelays.

Quem vidistis, pastores?
Why go ye feet unshod?
Wot ye within yon door is
Mary, the Mother of God?

MAY PROBYN

No smoke of spice is ascending
There—no roses are piled—
But, choicer than all balms blending
There Mary hath kiss'd her child.

Dilectus meus mihi

Et ego Illi—cold

Small cheek against her cheek, He
Sleepeth, three hours old.

WILLIAM WATSON

b. 1858

594.

Song

APRIL, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter ;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears !
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears !

595.

Ode in May

LET me go forth, and share
The overflowing Sun
With one wise friend, or one
Better than wise, being fair,

WILLIAM WATSON

Where the pewit wheels and dips
On heights of bracken and ling,
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,
Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear
As a prosperous morn in May,
The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
And half of the world a bride ?

The Song of Mingling flows,
Grave, ceremonial, pure,
As once, from lips that endure,
The cosmic descant rose,
When the temporal lord of life,
Going his golden way,
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife
That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,
Came wooing the mother of men,
Earth, that was virginal then,
Vestal fire to his fire.
Silent her bosom and coy,
But the strong god sued and press'd ;
And born of their starry nuptial joy
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,
And the travail of her that bore,
Behold they are evermore
As warp and weft in our lot.

WILLIAM WATSON

We are children of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord !
We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,
Whence first was the seed outpour'd.
To thee as our Father we bow,
Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech ;
Thou art but as a wave of his hand ;
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach ;
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,
Or a moment's mood of his soul :
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir
That chant the chant of the Whole.

596.

Autumn

THOU burden of all songs the earth hath sung,
Thou retrospect in Time's averted eyes,
Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
That dies ill-starr'd, or dies beloved and young
And therefore blest and wise—
O be less beautiful, or be less brief,
Thou tragic splendour, strange and full of fear !
In vain her pageant shall the summer rear ?
At thy mute signal, leaf by golden leaf,
Crumbles the gorgeous year.

WILLIAM WATSON

Ah, ghostly as remembered mirth, the tale
Of summer's bloom, the legend of the spring!
And thou, too, flutterest an impatient wing,
Thou presence yet more fugitive and frail,
Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is his going hence.
And passage and departure all thy theme,
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem,
And thou, at height of thy magnificence,
A figment and a dream.

Still'd is the virgin rapture that was June,
And cold is August's panting heart of fire;
And in the storm-dismantled forest choir,
For thine own elegy thy winds attune
Their wild and wizard lyre.
And poignant grows the charm of thy decay,
The pathos of thy beauty and the sting,
Thou parable of greatness vanishing!
For me, thy woods of gold and skies of grey
With speech fantastic ring.

For me, to dreams resign'd, there come and go,
'Twixt mountains draped and hooded night and morn,
Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne
From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immaterial horn;
And spectral seem thy winter-boding trees,
Thy ruinous bowers and drifted foliage wet;
O Past and Future in sad bridal met,
O voice of everything that perishes,
And soul of all regret!

597.

Vita Nuova

LONG hath she slept, forgetful of delight :
 At last, at last, the enchanted princess, Earth,
 Claim'd with a kiss by Spring the adventurer,
 In slumber knows the destined lips, and thrilled
 Through all the deeps of her unageing heart
 With passionate necessity of joy,
 Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
 Full of the fluttering of melodious souls ;
 O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
 In solemn jubilation ; winds and clouds,
 Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasp'd,
 And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
 The Earth's divine renewal : lo, I too
 With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.
 I too have come through wintry terrors,—yea,
 Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
 Have come, and am deliver'd. Me the Spring,
 Me also, dimly with new life hath touch'd,
 And with regenerate hope, the salt of life ;
 And I would dedicate these thankful tears
 To whatsoever Power beneficent,
 Veil'd though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
 Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
 Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
 And suffers me to know my spirit a note
 Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
 And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string, how jarr'd
 And all but broken ! of that lyre of life

WILLIAM WATSON

Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

598. *The Great Misgiving*

‘NOT ours,’ say some, ‘the thought of death to dread;
Asking no heaven, we fear no fabled hell:
Life is a feast, and we have banqueted—
Shall not the worms as well?’

‘The after-silence, when the feast is o’er,
And void the places where the minstrels stood,
Differs in nought from what hath been before,
And is nor ill nor good.’

Ah, but the Apparition—the dumb sign—
The beckoning finger bidding me forgo
The fellowship, the converse, and the wine,
The songs, the festal glow!

And ah, to know not, while with friends I sit,
And while the purple joy is pass’d about,
Whether ’tis ampler day divinelier lit
Or homeless night without;

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see
New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!
There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,
And there, O death, thy sting.

ROBERT OFFLEY ASHBURTON CREWE-MILNES,
MARQUESS OF CREWE

b. 1858

599.

Seven Years

TO join the ages they have gone,
Those seven years,—
Receding as the months roll on ;
Yet very oft my fancy hears
Your voice,—'twas music to my ears
Those seven years.

Scant the shadow and high the sun
Those seven years ;
Can hearts be one, then ours were one,
One for laughter and one for tears,
Knit together in hopes and fears,
Those seven years.

How, perchance, do they seem to you,
Those seven years,
Spirit-free in the wider blue ?
When Time in Eternity disappears,
What if all you have learn'd but the more endears
Those seven years ?

SIR JAMES RENNELL RODD

b. 1858

600.

A Roman Mirror

THEY found it in her hollow marble bed,
There where the numberless dead cities sleep,
They found it lying where the spade struck deep
A broken mirror by a maiden dead :

These things—the beads she wore about her throat
Alternate blue and amber all untied,
A lamp to light her way, and on one side
The toll men pay to that strange ferry-boat.

No trace to-day of what in her was fair !
On the record of long years grown green
Upon the mirror's lustreless dead sheen,
Grown dim at last, when all else wither'd there.

Dead, broken, lustreless ! It keeps for me
One picture of that immemorial land ;
For oft as I have held thee in my hand
The dull bronze brightens, and I dream to see

A fair face gazing in thee wondering-wise,
And o'er one marble shoulder all the while
Strange lips that whisper till her own lips smile,
And all the mirror laughs about her eyes.

SIR JAMES RENNELL RODD

It was well thought to set thee there, so she
Might smooth the windy ripples of her hair
And knot their tangled waywardness, or ere
She stood before the Queen Persephone.

And still, it may be, where the dead folk rest
She holds a shadowy mirror to her eyes,
And looks upon her changelessness and sighs
And sets the dead-land-lilies in her breast.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859-1907

601.

Daisy

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea ;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

She listen'd with big-lipp'd surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine :
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way ;
But there 's never a bird, so sweet a song
Throng'd in whose throat that day !

O, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray ;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smooth'd earth's furrow'd face !
She gave me tokens three :—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand !
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For, standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end :
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose !

FRANCIS THOMPSON

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way :—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went, and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad ;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seem'd to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan ;
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.

602.

The Mistress of Vision

SECRET was the garden ;
Set i' the pathless awe
Where no star its breath can draw.
Life, that is its warden,
Sits behind the fosse of death. Mine eyes saw not, and
I saw.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

It was a mazel wonder ;
Thrice three times it was enwall'd
With an emerald—
Sealèd so asunder.
All its birds in middle air hung a-dream, their music
thrall'd.

The Lady of fair weeping,
At the garden's core,
Sang a song of sweet and sore
And the after-sleeping ;
In the land of Luthany, and the tracts of Elenore.

With sweet-pang'd singing
Sang she through a dream-night's day ;
That the bowers might stay,
Birds bate their winging,
Nor the wall of emerald float in wreathèd haze away.

The lily kept its gleaming,
In her tears (divine conservers !)
Washèd with sad art ;
And the flowers of dreaming
Palèd not their fervours,
For her blood flow'd through their nervures ;
And the roses were most red, for she dipt them in her
heart.

There was never moon,
Save the white sufficing woman :
Light most heavenly-human—
Like the unseen form of sound,
Sensed invisibly in tune,—

FRANCIS THOMPSON

With a sun-derived stole
Did inaureole
All her lovely body round ;
Lovelily her lucid body with that light was interstrewn.

The sun which lit that garden wholly,
Low and vibrant visible,
Temper'd glory woke ;
And it seemèd solely
Like a silver thurible
Solemnly swung, slowly,
Fuming clouds of golden fire for a cloud of incense-smoke.

But woe 's me, and woe 's me,
For the secrets of her eyes !
In my visions fearfully
They are ever shown to be
As fringed pools, whereof each lies
Pallid-dark beneath the skies
Of a night that is
But one blear necropolis.
And her eyes a little tremble, in the wind of her own sighs.

Many changes rise on
Their phantasmal mysteries.
They grow to an horizon
Where earth and heaven meet ;
And like a wing that dies on
The vague twilight-verges,
Many a sinking dream doth fleet
Lessening down their secrecies.
And, as dusk with day converges,
Their orbs are troublously
Over-gloom'd and over-glow'd with hope and fear of
things to be.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

There is a peak on Himalay,
And on the peak undeluged snow,
And on the snow not eagles stray ;
There if your strong feet could go,—
Looking over tow'rd Cathay
From the never-deluged snow—
Farthest ken might not survey
Where the peoples underground dwell whom antique
fables know.

East, ah, east of Himalay,
Dwell the nations underground ;
Hiding from the shock of Day,
For the sun's uprising-sound :
Dare not issue from the ground
At the tumults of the Day,
So fearfully the sun doth sound
Clanging up beyond Cathay ;
For the great earthquaking sunrise rolling up beyond
Cathay.

Lend me, O lend me
The terrors of that sound,
That its music may attend me,
Wrap my chant in thunders round ;
While I tell the ancient secrets in that Lady's singing
found.

On Ararat there grew a vine,
When Asia from her bathing rose ;
Our first sailor made a twine
Thereof for his prefiguring brows.
Canst divine
Where, upon our dusty earth, of that vine a cluster grows?

FRANCIS THOMPSON

On Golgotha there grew a thorn
Round the long-figured Brows,
Mourn, O mourn!
For the vine have we the spine? Is this all the Heaven
allows?

On Calvary was shook a spear;
Press the point into thy heart—
Joy and fear!
All the spines upon the thorn into curling tendrils start.

O dismay!
I, a wingless mortal, sporting
With the tresses of the sun?
I, that dare my hand to lay
On the thunder in its snorting?
Ere begun,
Falls my singed song down the sky, even the old Icarian
way.

From the fall precipitant
These dim snatches of her chant
Only have remained mine;—
That from spear and thorn alone
May be grown
For the front of saint or singer any divinizing twine.

Her song said that no springing
Paradise but evermore
Hangeth on a singing
That has chords of weeping,
And that sings the after-sleeping
To souls which wake too sore.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

' But woe the singer, woe ! ' she said ; ' beyond the dead
his singing-lore,
All its art of sweet and sore
He learns, in Elenore ! '

Where is the land of Luthany,
Where is the tract of Elenore ?
I am bound therefor.

' Pierce thy heart to find the key ;
With thee take
Only what none else would keep ;
Learn to dream when thou dost wake,
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.
Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fears to vanquish fears ;
To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve ;
Plough thou the rock until it bear ;
Know, for thou else couldst not believe ;
Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive ;
Die, for none other way canst live.
When earth and heaven lay down their veil,
And that apocalypse turns thee pale ;
When thy seeing blindeth thee
To what thy fellow-mortals see ;
When their sight to thee is sightless ;
Their living, death ; their light, most lightless ;
Search no more—

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.'

Where is the land of Luthany,
And where the region Elenore ?
I do faint therefor.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

' When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linkèd are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star ;
When thy song is shield and mirror
To the fair snake-curlèd Pain,
Where thou dar'st affront her terror
That on her thou may'st attain
Perséan conquest ; seek no more,
O seek no more !

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.'

So sang she, so wept she,
Through a dream-night's day ;
And with her magic singing kept she—
Mystical in music—
That garden of enchanting
In visionary May ;
Swayless for my spirit's haunting,
Thrice-threefold wall'd with emerald from our mortal
mornings grey.

And as a necromancer
Raises from the rose-ash
The ghost of the rose ;
My heart so made answer
To her voice's silver splash,—
Stirr'd in reddening flash,
And from out its mortal ruins the purpureal phantom
blows.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Her tears made dulcet fretting,
Her voice had no word,
More than thunder or the bird.
Yet, unforgetting,
The ravish'd soul her meanings knew. Mine ears heard
not, and I heard.

When she shall unwind
All those wiles she wound about me,
Tears shall break from out me,
That I cannot find
Music in the holy poets to my wistful want, I doubt me!

603. *From the Night of Forebeing*

AN ODE AFTER EASTER

CAST wide the folding doorways of the East,
For now is light increased!
And the wind-besom'd chambers of the air,
See they be garnish'd fair;
And look the ways exhale some precious odours,
And set ye all about wild-breathing spice,
Most fit for Paradise.
Now is no time for sober gravity,
Season enough has Nature to be wise;
But now discinct, with raiment glittering free,
Shake she the ringing rafters of the skies
With festal footing and bold joyance sweet,
And let the earth be drunken and carouse!
For lo, into her house
Spring is come home with her world-wandering feet,
And all things are made young with young desires;
And all for her is light increased

FRANCIS THOMPSON

In yellow stars and yellow daffodils,
And East to West, and West to East,
Fling answering welcome-fires,
By dawn and day-fall, on the jocund hills
And ye, wing'd minstrels of her fair meinie,
Being newly coated in glad livery,
Upon her steps attend,
And round her treading dance and without end
Reel your shrill lutany.
What popular breath her coming does out-tell
The garrulous leaves among !
What little noises stir and pass
From blade to blade along the voluble grass !
O Nature, never-done
Ungaped-at Pentecostal miracle,
We hear thee, each man in his proper tongue
Break, elemental children, break ye loose
From the strict frosty rule
Of grey-beard Winter's school.
Vault, O young winds, vault in your tricksome courses
Upon the snowy steeds that reinless use
In coerule pampas of the heaven to run ;
Foal'd of the white sea-horses,
Wash'd in the lambent waters of the sun.
Let even the slug-abed snail upon the thorn
Put forth a conscious horn !
Mine elemental co-mates, joy each one ;
And ah, my foster-brethren, seem not sad—
No, seem not sad,
That my strange heart and I should be so little glad.
Suffer me at your leafy feast
To sit apart, a somewhat alien guest,
And watch your mirth,
Unsharing in the liberal laugh of earth ;

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Yet with a sympathy,
Begot of wholly sad and half-sweet memory—
The little sweetness making grief complete ;
Faint wind of wings from hours that distant beat,
When I, I too,
Was once, O wild companions, as are you,
Ran with such wilful feet.

A higher and a solemn voice
I heard through your gay-hearted noise ;
A solemn meaning and a stiller voice
Sounds to me from far days when I too shall rejoice,
Nor more be with your jollity at strife.
Hark to the *Jubilate* of the bird
For them that found the dying way to life !
And they have heard,
And quicken to the great precursive word ;
Green spray showers lightly down the cascade of the larch ;
The graves are riven,
And the Sun comes with power amid the clouds of heaven!
Before his way
Went forth the trumpet of the March ;
Before his way, before his way
Dances the pennon of the May !
O earth, unchilded, widow'd Earth, so long
Lifting in patient pine and ivy-tree
Mournful belief and steadfast prophecy,
Behold how all things are made true !
Behold your bridegroom cometh in to you,
Exceeding glad and strong.
Raise up your eyes, O raise your eyes abroad !
No more shall you sit sole and vidual,
Searching, in servile pall,
Upon the hieratic night the star-seal'd sense of all :

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Rejoice, O barren, and look forth abroad !
Your children gather'd back to your embrace
See with a mother's face.
Look up, O mortals, and the portent heed ;
In very deed,
Wash'd with new fire to their irradiant birth,
Reintegrated are the heavens and earth !
From sky to sod,
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.

And thou up-floatest, warm, and newly-bathed,
Earth, through delicious air,
And with thine own apparent beauties swathed,
Wringing the waters from thine arborous hair ;
That all men's hearts, which do behold and see,
Grow weak with their exceeding much desire,
And turn to thee on fire,
Enamour'd with their utter wish of thee,
Anadyomene !
What vine-outquicken life all creatures sup,
Feel, for the air within its sapphire cup
How it does leap, and twinkle headily !
Feel, for Earth's bosom pants, and heaves her scarfing sea ;
And round and round in bacchanal rout reel the swift
spheres intemperably !

My little-worlded self ! the shadows pass
In this thy sister-world, as in a glass,
Of all processions that revolve in thee :
Not only of cyclic Man
Thou here discern'st the plan,
Not only of cyclic Man, but of the cyclic Me.
Not solely of Mortality's great years
The reflex just appears,

FRANCIS THOMPSON

But thine own bosom's year, still circling round
In ample and in ampler gyre
Toward the far completion, wherewith crown'd,
Love unconsumed shall chant in his own furnace-fire.
How many trampled and deciduous joys
Enrich thy soul for joys deciduous still,
Before the distance shall fulfil
Cyclic unrest with solemn equipoise !
Happiness is the shadow of things past,
Which fools still take for that which is to be !
And not all foolishly :
For all the past, read true, is prophecy,
And all the firsts are hauntings of some Last,
And all the springs are flash-lights of one Spring.
Then leaf, and flower, and fall-less fruit
Shall hang together on the unyellowing bough ;
And silence shall be Music mute
For her surchargèd heart. Hush thou !
These things are far too sure that thou should'st dream
Thereof, lest they appear as things that seem.

Shade within shade ! for deeper in the glass
Now other imaged meanings pass ;
And as the man, the poet there is read.
Winter with me, alack !
Winter on every hand I find :
Soul, brain, and pulses dead ;
The mind no further by the warm sense fed,
The soul weak-stirring in the arid mind . . .

Giver of spring,
And song, and every young new thing !
Thou only seest in me, so stripp'd and bare,
The lyric secret waiting to be born,

FRANCIS THOMPSON

The patient term allow'd
Before it stretch and flutteringly unfold
Its rumpled webs of amethyst-freak'd, diaphanous gold.
And what hard task abstracts me from delight,
Filling with hopeless hope and dear despair
The still-born day and parchèd fields of night,
That my old way of song, no longer fair,
For lack of serene care,
Is grown a stony and a weed-choked plot,
Thou only know'st aright,
Thou only know'st, for I know not.
How many songs must die that this may live !
And shall this most rash hope and fugitive,
Fulfill'd with beauty and with might
In days whose feet are rumorous on the air,
Make me forget to grieve
For songs which might have been, nor ever were ?

Stern the denial, the travail slow,
The struggling wall will scantily grow :
And though with that dread rite of sacrifice
Ordain'd for during edifice,
How long, how long ago !
Into that wall which will not thrive
I build myself alive,
Ah, who shall tell me will the wall uprise ?
Thou wilt not tell me, who dost only know !
Yet still in mind I keep,
He which observes the wind shall hardly sow,
He which regards the clouds shall hardly reap.
Thine ancient way ! I give,
Nor wit if I receive ;
Risk all, who all would gain : and blindly. Be it so.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Nature, enough ! within thy glass
Too many and too stern the shadows pass.
In this delighted season, flaming
For thy resurrection-feast,
Ah, more I think the long ensepulture cold,
Than stony winter roll'd
From the unseal'd mouth of the holy East ;
The snowdrop's saintly stoles less heed
Than the snow-cloister'd penance of the seed.
'Tis the weak flesh reclaiming
Against the ordinance
Which yet for just the accepting spirit scans.
Earth waits, and patient heaven,
Self-bonded God doth wait
Thrice-promulgated bans
Of his fair nuptial-date.
And power is man's,
With that great word of ' wait ',
To still the sea of tears,
And shake the iron heart of Fate.
In that one word is strong
An else, alas, much-mortal song ;
With sight to pass the frontier of all spheres,
And voice which does my sight such wrong.

Not without fortitude I wait
The dark majestical ensuit
Of destiny, nor peevish rate
Calm-knowledged Fate.
I, that no part have in the time's bragg'd way,
And its loud bruit ;
I, in this house so rifted, marr'd,
So ill to live in, hard to leave ;
I, so star-weary, over-warr'd,

FRANCIS THOMPSON

That have no joy in this your day—
 Rather foul fume englutting, that of day
 Confounds all ray—
 But only stand aside and grieve ;
 I yet have sight beyond the smoke,
 And kiss the god's feet, though they wreak
 Upon me stroke and again stroke ;
 And this my seeing is not weak.
 The Woman I behold, whose vision seek
 All eyes and know not ; t'ward whom climb
 The steps o' the world, and beats all wing of rhyme,
 And knows not ; 'twixt the sun and moon
 Her inexpressible front enstarr'd
 Tempers the wrangling spheres to tune ;
 Their divergent harmonies
 Concluded in the concord of her eyes,
 And vestal dances of her glad regard.
 I see, which fretteth with surmise
 Much heads grown unsagacious-grey,
 The slow aim of wise-hearted Time,
 Which folded cycles within cycles cloak :
 We pass, we pass, we pass ; this does not pass away,
 But holds the furrowing earth still harness'd to its yoke.
 The stars still write their golden purposes
 On heaven's high palimpsest, and no man sees,
 Nor any therein Daniel ; I do hear
 From the revolving year
 A voice which cries :
 ' All dies ;
 Lo, how all dies ! O seer,
 And all things too arise :
 All dies, and all is born ;
 But each resurgent morn, behold, more near the Perfect
 Morn.'

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Firm is the man, and set beyond the cast
Of Fortune's game, and the iniquitous hour,
Whose falcon soul sits fast,
And not intends her high sagacious tour
Or ere the quarry sighted ; who looks past
To slow much sweet from little instant sour,
And in the first does always see the last.

604.

' *Ex Ore Infantium* '

LITTLE Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I ?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me ?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were ?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky ;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were ;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me !

Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys ?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles ? Did the things
Play *Can you see me ?* through their wings ?
And did thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil ?

FRANCIS THOMPSON

How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue !

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join thy hands, this way ?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long ?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee ?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right ?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kiss'd, and sweet, and thy prayers said ?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small :
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk thy Father's way ?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like thy own ;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say : ' O Father, I, thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one.'

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young !

GOD who created me
 Nimble and light of limb,
 In three elements free,
 To run, to ride, to swim :
 Not when the sense is dim,
 But now from the heart of joy,
 I would remember Him :
 Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
 Whose are my foes to fight,
 Gird me with thy sword
 Swift and sharp and bright.
 Thee would I serve if I might ;
 And conquer if I can,
 From day-dawn till night,
 Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,
 Breathing in grosser clay,
 The light and flame of youth,
 Delight of men in the fray,
 Wisdom in strength's decay ;
 From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
 This best gift I pray,
 Take my spirit to Thee.

606. *Going down Hill on a Bicycle*

A BOY'S SONG

WITH lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind ;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart with a mighty lift
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry :—
' O bird, see ; see, bird, I fly !

' Is this, is this your joy ?
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air !'

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss ?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat ;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale ; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

The Blackbird

DEAREST, these household cares remit ;
 And while the sky is blue to-day,
 Here in this sunny shelter sit,
 To list the blackbird's lay.

Is all so rare, romantic boy ?
 Is love so new and strange, that thou
 Must with that wild and shrilling joy
 Thrill the yet wintry bough ?

Ah, now 'tis softer grown, more sweet,—
 ' I come, I come, O love, O my love,'—
 And he is fluttering to her feet
 In yonder purple grove.

Now hark ! all summer swells the note
 And dreams of mellow ripeness make
 So ripe, so rich his warbling throat
 For spouse and children's sake.

Lover and prophet, see ! the flower
 Of cherry is hardly white, and figs
 Are leafless, and thy nuptial bower
 A cage of rattling twigs.

Yet faith is evidence, and hope
 Substance, and love sufficient fire ;
 And Art in these finds ampler scope
 Than in fulfill'd desire.

So play thy Pan's pipe, happy Faun,
 Till some May night with moonshine pale,
 Thou pin'st, to hear by wood or lawn
 Apollo's nightingale.

608.

Accidia

THERE breathes a sense of Spring in the boon air :
 The woods are amber, purple, misty red,
 Primrose and violet rouse them from their bed,
 Their skiey homes the patient rooks repair ;
 Everywhere hope is rife, joy everywhere ;
 But I, thy heart, lie yet unquickenèd,
 And bleating lambs and larks that sing o'erhead
 Charm not away my sluggish cold despair.

Peace, peace, fond heart ; thy spring-tide is not this ;
 Thy sap of joy mounted, though flowers were sere,
That day, though leaves fell thick before the West.
 Nor grudge nor envy thou a natural bliss.
 Birds keep their season, thou through all the year
 May'st sing thy song, soar skyward, make thy nest.

609.

Knowledge after Death

SICCINE separat amara mors ?
 SIS death so bitter ? Can it shut us fast
 Off from ourselves, that future from this past,
 When time compels us through those narrow doors ?
 Must we supplanted by ourselves in the course,
 Changelings, become as they who know at last
 A river's secret, never having cast
 One guess, or known one doubt, about its source ?

Is it so bitter ? Does not knowledge here
 Forget her gradual growth, and how each day
 Seals up the sum of each world-conscious soul ?
 So tho' our ghosts forget us, waste no tear ;
 We, being ourselves, would gladly be as they,
 And we, being they, are still ourselves made whole.

610.

Diana

THIS new Diana makes weak men her prey,
 And, making captive, still would fain pursue,
 And still would keep, and still would drive away,—
 So day by day
 Hate, hunt, do murder, and yet love them too :
 Ah, dear Diana !

'Twere well, poor fools, to shun her cruel spear,
 More fatal far than that which slew of old ;
 Her spear is wit that she so brings to bear,
 Then laughs to hear
 When it has struck, and one more heart runs cold :
 Ah, dear Diana !

Be wise, O fools, and shun her cruel eyes,
 Which when you see you straight must love, to death.
 This new Diana has such sorceries,
 Who loves her, dies—
 And dying cries still with his latest breath—
 Ah, dear Diana !

611.

An Autobiography

WALES England wed ; so I was bred. 'Twas merry
 London gave me breath.
 I dreamt of love, and fame : I strove. But Ireland
 taught me love was best :
 And Irish eyes, and London cries, and streams of Wales
 may tell the rest.
 What more than these I ask'd of Life I am content to
 have from Death.

AMY LEVY

1861-1889

612.

A London Plane-Tree

GREEN is the plane-tree in the square,
The other trees are brown ;
They droop and pine for country air ;
The plane-tree loves the town.

Here from my garret-pane I mark
The plane-tree bud and blow,
Shed her recuperative bark,
And spread her shade below.

Among her branches, in and out,
The city breezes play ;
The dull fog wraps her round about ;
Above, the smoke curls grey.

Others the country take for choice,
And hold the town in scorn ;
But she has listen'd to the voice
On city breezes borne.

613.

New Love, New Life

i

SHE, who so long has lain
Stone-stiff with folded wings,
Within my heart again
The brown bird wakes and sings.

AMY LEVY

Brown nightingale, whose strain
Is heard by day, by night,
She sings of joy and pain,
Of sorrow and delight.

ii

'Tis true,—in other days
Have I unbarr'd the door ;
He knows the walks and ways—
Love has been here before.

Love blest and love accurst
Was here in days long past ;
This time is not the first,
But this time is the last.

614.

London Poets

THEY trod the streets and squares where now I tread,
With weary hearts, a little while ago ;
When, thin and grey, the melancholy snow
Clung to the leafless branches overhead ;
Or when the smoke-veil'd sky grew stormy-red
In autumn ; with a re-arisen woe
Wrestled, what time the passionate spring-winds blow ;
And paced scorch'd stones in summer. They are dead.

The sorrow of their souls to them did seem
As real as mine to me, as permanent.
To-day—it is the shadow of a dream,
The half-forgotten breath of breezes spent.
So shall another soothe his woe supreme—
No more he comes, who this way came and went.

615.

Blue and White

BLUE is Our Lady's colour,
 White is Our Lord's.
 To-morrow I will wear a knot
 Of blue and white cords,
 That you may see it, where you ride
 Among the flashing swords.

O banner, white and sunny blue,
 With prayer I wove thee!
 For love the white, for faith the heavenly hue,
 And both for him, so tender-true,
 Him that doth love me!

616.

Our Lady

MOTHER of God! no lady thou:
 Common woman of common earth
Our Lady ladies call thee now,
 But Christ was never of gentle birth;
 A common man of the common earth.

For God's ways are not as our ways.
 The noblest lady in the land
 Would have given up half her days,
 Would have cut off her right hand,
 To bear the child that was God of the land.

Never a lady did He choose,
 Only a maid of low degree,
 So humble she might not refuse
 The carpenter of Galilee:
 A daughter of the people, she.

MARY E. COLERIDGE

Out she sang the song of her heart.
Never a lady so had sung.
She knew no letters, had no art ;
To all mankind, in woman's tongue,
Hath Israelitish Mary sung.

And still for men to come she sings,
Nor shall her singing pass away.
' *He hath fillèd the hungry with good things* '—
Oh, listen, lords and ladies gay !—
' *And the rich He hath sent empty away.*'

617.

A Huguenot

O a gallant set were they,
, As they charged on us that day,
A thousand riding like one !
Their trumpets crying,
And their white plumes flying,
And their sabres flashing in the sun.

O, a sorry lot were we,
As we stood beside the sea,
Each man for himself as he stood !
We were scatter'd and lonely—
A little force only
Of the good men fighting for the good.

But I never loved more
On sea or on shore
The ringing of my own true blade.
Like lightning it quiver'd,
And the hard helms shiver'd,
As I sang, ' None maketh me afraid !'

618.

Punctilio

O LET me be in loving nice,
 Dainty, fine, and o'er precise,
 That I may charm my charmèd dear
 As tho' I felt a secret fear
 To lose what never can be lost,—
 Her faith who still delights me most!
 So shall I be more than true,
 Ever in my ageing new.
 So dull habit shall not be
 Wrongly call'd Fidelity.

619.

Unwelcome

WE were young, we were merry, we were very very
 wise,
 And the door stood open at our feast,
 When there pass'd us a woman with the West in her eyes,
 And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast,
 The loudest voice was still.
 The jest died away on our lips as they pass'd,
 And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turn'd pale on the board,
 The white bread black as soot.
 The hound forgot the hand of her lord,
 She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie, where the dead dog lies,
 Ere I sit me down again at a feast,
 When there passes a woman with the West in her eyes,
 And a man with his back to the East.

MARY E. COLERIDGE

620. *Mortal Combat*

IT is because you were my friend,
I fought you as the devil fights.
Whatever fortune God may send,
For once I set the world to rights.

And that was when I thrust you down,
And stabb'd you twice and twice again,
Because you dared take off your crown,
And be a man like other men.

621. *Gone*

ABOUT the little chambers of my heart
Friends have been coming—going—many a year.
The doors stand open there.
Some, lightly stepping, enter ; some depart.

Freely they come and freely go, at will.
The walls give back their laughter ; all day long
They fill the house with song.
One door alone is shut, one chamber still.

622. *The King*

IT was but the lightest word of the King,
When he was neither merry nor sad ;
It was but a very little thing,
Yet it made his servant glad.

He gave a look as it befell,
Between a smile and a smother'd sigh.
Whether he meant it, who can tell ?
But the man went out to die.

623. *The Joys of the Road*

NOW the joys of the road are chiefly these :
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees ;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too ;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp ;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill ;

The tempter apple over the fence ;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince ;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude ;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird ;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry ;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

BLISS CARMAN

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,
By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,
The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home ;
The broad gold wake of the afternoon ;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon ;
The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace ;
With only another league to wend ;
And two brown arms at the journey's end !
These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

624. *In the House of Idiedaily*

O, but life went gaily, gaily,
In the house of Idiedaily !

There were always throats to sing
Down the river-banks with spring,

When the stir of heart's desire
Set the sapling's heart on fire.

Bob-o-lincolns in the meadows,
Leisure in the purple shadows,

Till the poppies without number
Bow'd their heads in crimson slumber,

BLISS CARMAN

And the twilight came to cover
Every unreluctant lover.

Not a night but some brown maiden
Better'd all the dusk she stray'd in,

While the roses in her hair
Bankrupted oblivion there.

*O, but life went gaily, gaily,
In the house of Idiedaily!*

But this hostelry, The Barrow,
With its chambers, bare and narrow,

Mean, ill-window'd, damp, and wormy,
Where the silence makes you squirmy,

And the guests are never seen to,
Is a vile place, a mere lean-to,

Not a traveller speaks well of;
Even worse than I heard tell of,

Mouldy, ramshackle, and foul—
What a dwelling for a soul!

*O, but life went gaily, gaily,
In the house of Idiedaily!*

There the hearth was always warm
From the slander of the storm.

There your comrade was your neighbour,
Living on to-morrow's labour.

And the board was always steaming,
Though Sir Ringlets might be dreaming.

BLISS CARMAN

Not a plate but scoff'd at porridge,
Not a cup but floated borage.

There were always jugs of sherry
Waiting for the makers merry,

And the dark Burgundian wine
That would make a fool divine.

*O, but life went gaily, gaily,
In the house of Idiedaily!*

625.

A Northern Vigil

HERE by the grey north sea,
In the wintry heart of the wild,
Comes the old dream of thee,
Guendolen, mistress and child.

The heart of the forest grieves
In the drift against my door ;
A voice is under the eaves,
A footfall on the floor.

Threshold, mirror, and hall,
Vacant and strangely aware,
Wait for their soul's recall
With the dumb expectant air.

Here when the smouldering west
Burns down into the sea,
I take no heed of rest
And keep the watch for thee.

BLISS CARMAN

I sit by the fire and hear
The restless wind go by,
On the long dirge and drear,
Under the low bleak sky.

When day puts out to sea
And night makes in for land,
There is no lock for thee,
Each door awaits thy hand !

When night goes over the hill
And dawn comes down the dale,
It's O for the wild sweet will
That shall no more prevail !

When the zenith moon is round,
And snow-wraiths gather and run,
And there is set no bound
To love beneath the sun,

O wayward will, come near
The old mad wilful way,
The soft mouth at my ear
With words too sweet to say !

Come, for the night is cold,
The ghostly moonlight fills
Hollow and rift and fold
Of the eerie Ardise hills !

The windows of my room
Are dark with bitter frost,
The stillness aches with doom
Of something loved and lost.

BLISS CARMAN

Outside, the great blue star
Burns in the ghostland pale,
Where giant Algebar
Holds on the endless trail.

Come, for the years are long
And silence keeps the door,
Where shapes with the shadows throng
The firelit chamber floor.

Come, for thy kiss was warm,
With the red embers' glare
Across thy folding arm
And dark tumultuous hair!

And though thy coming rouse
The sleep-cry of no bird,
The keepers of the house
Shall tremble at thy word.

Come, for the soul is free!
In all the vast dreamland
There is no lock for thee,
Each door awaits thy hand.

Ah, not in dreams at all,
Fleering, perishing, dim,
But thy old self, supple and tall,
Mistress and child of whim!

The proud imperious guise,
Impetuous and serene,
The sad mysterious eyes,
And dignity of mien!

BLISS CARMAN

Yea, wilt thou not return,
When the late hill-winds veer,
And the bright hill-flowers burn
With the reviving year ?

When April comes, and the sea
Sparkles as if it smiled,
Will they restore to me
My dark Love, empress and child ?

The curtains seem to part ;
A sound is on the stair,
As if at the last . . . I start ;
Only the wind is there.

Lo, now far on the hills
The crimson fumes uncurl'd,
Where the caldron mantles and spills
Another dawn on the world !

626.

Why

FOR a name unknown,
Whose fame unblown
Sleeps in the hills
For ever and aye ;

For her who hears
The stir of the years
Go by on the wind
By night and day ;

And heeds no thing
Of the needs of spring,
Of autumn's wonder
Or winter's chill ;

BLISS CARMAN

For one who sees
The great sun freeze,
As he wanders a-cold
From hill to hill ;

And all her heart
Is a woven part
Of the flurry and drift
Of whirling snow ;

For the sake of two
Sad eyes and true,
And the old, old love
So long ago.

DOUGLAS HYDE

b. 1861

627.

My Grief on the Sea

FROM THE IRISH

MY grief on the sea,
How the waves of it roll !
For they heave between me
And the love of my soul !

Abandon'd, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
Relief from despair ?

My grief and my trouble !
Would he and I were
In the province of Leinster,
Or County of Clare !

827

Were

DOUGLAS HYDE

Were I and my darling—
O heart-bitter wound!—
On board of the ship
For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.

And my Love came behind me,
He came from the South;
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.

628.

The Cooleen

A HONEY mist on a day of frost in a dark oak wood,
And love for thee in my heart in me, thou bright
white and good;
Thy slender form, soft and warm, thy red lips apart,
Thou hast found me, and hast bound me, and put grief
in my heart.

In fair-green and market men mark thee, bright, young
and merry,
Tho' thou hurt them like foes with the rose of thy blush
of the berry:
Her cheeks are a poppy, her eye it is Cupid's helper,
But each foolish man dreams that its beams for himself are.

Whoe'er saw the Cooleen in a cool dewy meadow
On a morning in summer in sunshine and shadow;
All the young men go wild for her, my childeen, my
treasure,
But now let them go mope, they've no hope to possess her.